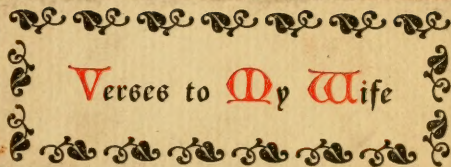


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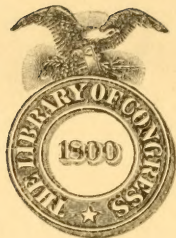
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Verses to My Wife



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To My Wife

Contents

Finding	ix
Loving	xi
Giving	xiii
Understanding	xv
Knowing	xvii

Verses to My Wife



Finding

It seems but yesterday, my Own, that first I saw you—
So gloriously beautiful. How strange it seemed,
For in that first glance my Soul leaped into being,
I knew you as my Mate—the longed-for part of me.
As mortals will, I claimed the praise of finding you,
While all the time 't was just the plan which God had long foreseen.

Loving

Midst play and midst my work, Sweetheart,
Which takes me into the world of men
And women, only do I see the whole
Of Heaven resting in your dear eyes,
Feel it in your warm, moist kiss,
Know it just from having known your Soul.

Giving

Nothing that I give to you, My Own,
Shows aught but selfishness in me.
Each smile of happiness in your eyes
I store up like a miser. And so, Sweetheart,
With these small gifts of love I try to bring
That smile, finding in it my riches and my paradise.

Understanding

In all the world, my own Beloved,
There's only you to whom I turn;
Only you who knows the inmost me, and cares
To listen to the hopes and dreams
That make my life. And so, Dear Heart,
Together always, our earth and heaven: to God our prayers.

Knowing

Dear, your love—I feel it everywhere about me,
With all the world I laugh and sing,
Knowing in my heart 't is you who hold the key
To every happy moment. And if, perhaps,
A sad hour comes, a shadow o'er the sunshine,
I know my Own, with hand outstretched, will comfort me.



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